

34  
THE  
*Eng. Poetical*  
BRITISH  
CENSOR.  
A  
POEM.

*Quid dignum tanto feret hic Promissor Hiatus? Hor.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Baker in Pater-Noster-Row, 1712.

Price 3 d.

23. Decemb.

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T H E

# P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Author of the following Verses might probably have sav'd himself the Trouble of writing them at this Time, had he receiv'd the least Intimation, that the Gentleman whom they concern, was about to have taken his Leave so suddenly-----But who cou'd imagine, that One, who perhaps has been all along too Talkative, (when (as himself says) he was but just going to open his Mouth) should become absolutely Silent.

However since he has already appear'd in Two several Shapes, and may possibly shortly start up in a Third, and play some unaccountable Pranks



## P R E F A C E.

*amongst us ; I hope it may not be thought amiss, by some gentle Rebukes, to put a Bar in his Way, and, if possible, bind this Proteus to a civil and due Behaviour.*

*And since 'tis presum'd that there is Nothing in this Paper offensive to Justice, or remarkably (or more than the Nature of the Thing necessarily requires) repugnant to Good Manners ; 'Tis also hop'd, that the sensible and considerate Part of the Town ; all who have an Aversion to Arrogance, and a Zeal for Truth and good Instruction, will favour it with their kind Acceptance.*

T H E





T H E

# British Cenfor, &c.

**W**Hile thy most fruitful Labours pass about,  
And fill with Rapture the judicious Rout,  
While all the fashion'd Things perusing thee,  
A while Neglect their darling Chat and Tea;  
*Beaux, Belles* (and all whom empty Thoughts befriend)  
Assist thee, and thy plenteous Works commend:  
Permit, oh mighty Man! among the Crowd,  
A Swain unknown to sing thy Praises loud,  
Transported with the Theam, I'm all on Fire,  
Thy Sence I much, but more thy Confidence admire:  
Thy Confidence--- for sure 'tis that alone  
Pleases the gaping and admiring Town.

B

Say,

## 6 *The BRITISH CENSOR.*

Say, is it only This, or Zeal for Truth,  
That makes Thee kindly prompt each forward Youth :  
Makes Thee in each mishap'd Performance find  
Conspicuous Beauties, to which all Mankind,  
(But thy sagacious Self) was wholly Blind ?  
Thy wond'rous Comments shew thee wond'rous Wise,  
And *Chevy-Chace* exalts thee to the Skies !

Two of Repute, (who once Judicious seem'd)  
That Reverend Ballad ('tis confess'd) esteem'd ;  
They saw perhaps some beauteous Thoughts arise,  
Where untaught Nature, with some small Surprise,  
Do's start, and pleasing Images express,  
In a mean, simple and unletter'd Dress :  
But cou'd they e'er discry that lofty Sence,  
That Majesty of Style, that Eloquence,  
Which thou (more penetrating far than they)  
Hast found so well, and dost so well Display !  
But in Respect of thy prodigious Pen,  
What Worth had *Sidney* or unlearned *Ben* ?  
Poor bashful Souls ! Wou'd ever they have dar'd,  
The two chief *Roman* Bards t' have so compar'd ?  
*Horace* looks down with joyful Pride to see  
Himself so favour'd and extoll'd by thee !  
The *Mantuan* too (for Modesty \*renown'd)  
Blushes to be with such Applauses crown'd !

Shall

Shall such Audaciousness unquestion'd go?  
Shall everlasting Wit be treated so?  
Oh, that some glorious Soul wou'd in it's Cause,  
(Neglecting Wealth, false Favour and Applause)  
Thro' each Reproach of the dull hissing Throng,  
Thro' Poverty and Wrongs undaunted pass along,  
Led on by Fate--- and daringly engage,  
Not only this Assumer, but an Age!  
Errour shou'd to its own dark Shades be driv'n,  
And his bright Fame (like *Virgil's*) mount to Heav'n!

But hold presumptuous Muse! restrain thy Flight,  
And shun th' opprobrious Name of Bird of Night:  
Oh, 'tis a noble Proof of manly Sense,  
To treat Rebukers still with Insolence!  
And obstinately go our chosen Way,  
For all that Justice can pretend to say!

Howe'er with Rev'rance, (as we safely can)  
Let's view this mighty, formidable Man,  
Observe by what Degrees he rose to Fame,  
And spread o'er *Britain* his tremendous Name.

Once a *Cadet*, obscure and little known,  
(Now such a bright conspicuous Wonder grown)

His



## 8 *The BRITISH CENSOR.*

His springing Parts he ventures to expose,  
To thoughtless Bullets, and to blund'ring Foes.

Stop, stop, ye barb'rous Men ! Suppress your Rage,  
And spare the future Cenfor of an Age !  
Oh, be not to approaching Blessings blind,  
Tho' Enemies to Him, regard Mankind !  
Nor let to nether Shades that Soul be hurl'd,  
Whose only Precepts must reform the World !

Behold Him now more free from dire Surprise,  
Contemplative become and mighty Wise !  
Moulding his Thoughts in a religious Strain,  
And growing Pious for the Sake of Gain.  
Oh prudent Man ! How vast is thy Applause,  
Redounding from thy Patron and thy Cause ;  
In this clear Mirrour (thy Example) we  
Each Modern Author's Image plainly see ;  
First on some unexpected Theam 'They fall,  
As Int'rest, not as Truth or Justice, call ;  
Then by a more surprizing Spell, with Ease,  
Convert their Patrons to what Form they please ;  
The Great (tho' worthless Peer) now Worthy grown,  
Glitters with Virtues that were not his Own ;  
The lewdest Rake good Christian do's commence,  
Such is the wond'rous Power of Sacred Pence !

Oh

Oh potent Wealth! Mankind thy Charms obeys,  
And follows Thee Ten thousand various Ways;  
For Thy great Sake, we various Freaks commit,  
Beneath our Reason, and pretended Wit:  
To Thy prevailing Charms, we must be still  
Submissive Drones, and fetter'd to thy Will.  
What Hope remains for Mortals to be free?  
Their destin'd Leader is a Slave to Thee!

A Chymist now, whose vain Projection broke,  
Was not his Sence in Part dissolv'd in Smoke?  
But what is Sence? Sence in these Times may fail!  
But, oh, Assurance must and will prevail!  
With this, He's now a fam'd Reformer grown,  
Correcting all Men's Manners, but his own:  
So oft the Judge unjustly Sentence gives,  
And doom's that Wretch who far less Guilty lives:  
So the proud, cruel, stubborn priestly Tribe,  
Submission, Peace and Charity, prescribe.  
But if, Great Man, we must not Hope from Thee,  
The wond'rous Charms that in Example be,  
Let us some wond'rous Charm in thy Instructions see;  
(To warn our vagrant Minds, and fix them right)  
Which may like Lightning pierce, or Thunder fright.

Where's then that Learning, towering Thought and Wit,  
That do the glorious Name of Censor fit?  
Let Words (oh grave Instructor!) less abound,  
And give Us more of Sence and less of Sound!



## To THE BRITISH CENSOR.

Thy Style still overflows thy various Theams,  
Like floating Froth that on the Ocean Swims;  
An equal certain Course do's ever run,  
Constant as Time, or the returning Sun!

What's florid Phrase? That Women may attain,  
And the loose Juglers of the canting Strain;  
'Tis pow'rful Truth, and solid Sence shou'd sway,  
Man's list'ning Soul--- and force it to Obey.

But hold, all those are sure presumptuous Fools,  
Who dare affirm, thou wan't instructive Rules.  
All Things by Thee are clearly Understood,  
From *Homer*, to the *Children in the Wood*.  
Maxims of Schools, and the grave Ayrs of *France*,  
Ethics and Modes, Divinity and Dance;  
Pain, Bliis, Hate, Friendship, Lamentation, Song,  
To thy extended Province, all belong;  
But Poetry is thy peculiar Care,  
And here thy Judgment is--- beyond Compare.  
Thro' thy just Praise each arch Pretender shines,  
With *Blackmore's* easie, clear and nervous Lines.  
But *Tickell* is, (thy Theam's Sublimer Scope)  
Of ev'ry Muse, and Grace the springing Hope.  
*Tickell* (surprizing Object of thy Love!)  
Who do's the just Reverse of *Denham* prove.  
(Deep, yet not clear, not gentle, and yet dull,  
Raging, yet weak, o'erflowing, yet not full;)  
Affected, stiff, pompuous, with low Design,  
Still bell'wing Peace in ev'ry thund'ring Line!

Proceed



Proceed bright Bard ! With Nature's Laws dispence,  
 And bravely Scorn the servile Rules of Sense.  
 Proceed, I say, pursue illustrious Fame !  
 She's thine, thou grasp'st her now, the willing Dame,  
 And ever will, if Thou to him submit,  
 And by his Judgment regulate thy Wit.  
 What mayn't the coming Age expect to see,  
 When two such Worthies so combin'd agree, (Thee ! }  
 One who like him Approves, one who Performs like }  
 Pardon ye Critics, worthy Cenfor thou,  
 This small Digression (for thy Sake) allow ;  
 VVhere (like your Friendships) I presume to joyn,  
 The Fame of so profound a VVit with Thine !

Sages of old (by some reputed far  
 Wiser than *Tatlers* or *Speclators* are,  
 Who judging Rules from best Experience brought)  
 Science so vast and so stupendious thought,  
 So Difficult, that utmost human Art,  
 Cou'd scarce attain Perfection in one Part,  
 The *Grecian*, whom *Apollo's* Self confest,  
 To be of Men, the wisest and the best.  
 VVhat was th' Assurance he from Learning drew,  
 But this--- Of knowing that he Nothing knew ?  
 Did not the most (however wond'rous clear)  
 Still dark and dubious to Themselves appear ?  
 But Thou more mighty than these mighty Dead,  
 Art VVit's, ar't Learning's, universal Head.

Like

Like Rome's chief Prelate do't thy Laws dispence,  
 Like Him extorting blind Obedience;  
 And seem'st thy Self unerring to believe,  
 Enam'd with the dull Regard that Bigots give.

But tho' thou seem'st to Think so great a Store  
 Of Knowledge thine (more blest than Man before)  
 VWhich thou (by ought unbyass'd) dost bestow  
 So freely on the wond'ring Crowd below;  
 For Thy own Sake, not blindly Zealous be,  
 But deign to take this small Advice from Me.

The Praise of Pops and half-learn'd Fools decline,  
 VWho Female-like, admire what else seems Fine,  
 Distrust thy Self, examine well thy Mind,  
 Nor solid Learning think with so much Ease to find;  
 Read o'er the Antients, and Digest them well,  
 VWith Pains discover where They most excell;  
 Consider well their Merit, and their Fate,  
 And by what Means they rose so wond'rous Great.

But this VWay's unpropitious and too hard,  
 True Sense and Virtue meet with small Reward;  
 Thou wilt not wreck thy Fortunes, or thy Brain,  
 But Prudently inclin'd to Ease and Gain.

Cease, cease, my Muse, for thine's too hard a Task,  
 And do's more Skill and greater Labour ask,  
 Than thou can'st ever contribute, to remove  
 Errors— or Plant right Notions, where Self-Love  
 Is fix'd so firm, and where gull'd Fools approve.

F I N I S.